

# GOLDEN ROD



19 ANNUAL GIVING 24

*The Granite is a Friendly Bank*

\$500,000 Surplus

City Square  
Quincy

*Granite 2500*



\$5,000,000 Assets

Opp. Depot  
Wollaston

*Granite 5200*

## An Old Bank With a Young Spirit

*"As Solid As Our Granite Hills"*

Largest Surplus of any Commercial Bank in Norfolk County

Oldest—Strongest—Largest

Commercial Bank in the *Granite City*

Theophilus King, *Pres.*

Delcevare King, *Vice Pres.*

Clarence H. Sanborn, *Treas.*

## TEACHERS and STUDENTS

### VISIT

## KINCAIDE'S FURNITURE STORE

See the newest in Furniture for every room

From the best of Furniture Factories

PERIOD DESIGNS :: :: NEWEST FINISHES

LOWEST PRICES GUARANTEED SERVICE

Advice as to color schemes and interior decorating  
gladly given by our salesmen.

## Henry L. Kincaide & Co. Quincy

# Northeastern University

## SCHOOL OF ENGINEERING



Assembling Machine, United Shoe Machinery Corporation

### COURSES OFFERED

The School of Engineering, Northeastern University, offers four-year college courses of study, in co-operation with engineering firms, in the following branches of engineering, leading to the Bachelor's degree:

1. Civil Engineering
2. Mechanical Engineering
3. Electrical Engineering
4. Chemical Engineering
5. Administrative Engineering

### REQUIREMENTS FOR ADMISSION

Graduates of the Quincy High School who have included algebra to quadratics, plane geometry and four years of English in their courses of study are admitted without examinations.

### EARNINGS

The earnings of the students for their services with co-operating firms vary from \$250 to \$600 per year.

### APPLICATION

An application blank will be found inside the back cover of the catalog. Copies will also be mailed upon request. Applications for admission to the school in September, 1925, should be forwarded to the school at an early date.

### CATALOG

For catalog or any further information in regard to the school, address

**CARL S. ELL, Dean**  
**School of Engineering      Northeastern University      Boston 17, Mass.**  
**316 Huntington Avenue**

# **“Prep” School CLOTHES**

Not just Men's Suits in small size — but  
Suits with individual character, built along the  
right line, with ability to take punishment  
and not show it, in a word, Suits like the fellow  
they're made for : : : :

**\$29.00**

**OVERCOATS - TOP COATS - FURNISHINGS**

**The Mens and Boys Shop**

**TALBOT-QUINCY Inc.**

1387 HANCOCK STREET

---

## **Quincy Trust Company**

**Quincy, Mass.**

**“The People's Bank”**

1486 Hancock Street  
Quincy, Mass.

Branch at 27 Billings Road  
Norfolk Downs

**Checking Department**

**Savings Department**

We operate a Savings Department under the  
same regulations as Savings Banks. Deposits  
therein are free from State taxation : : :

Open Saturday evenings 7.00 to 10.00 o'clock

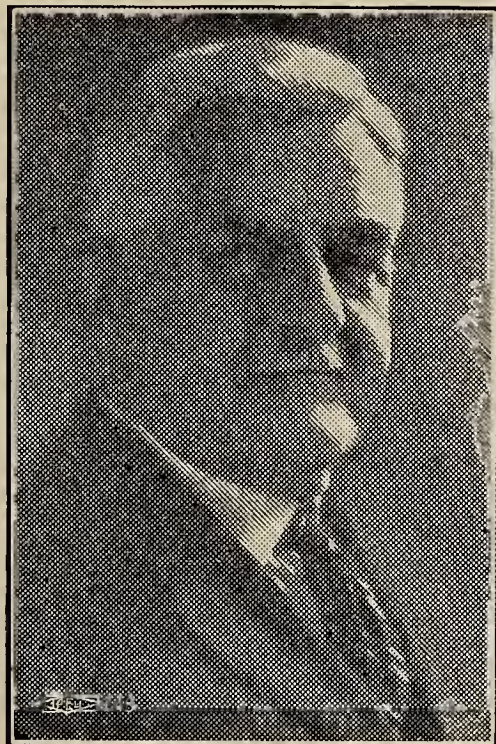
**H. E. CURTIS, President**

**E. W. BATES, Treasurer**

*Compliments  
of*



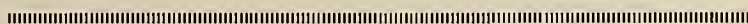
*PERLEY  
E.  
BARBOUR*



Compliments of



Our Mayor  
GUSTAVE B. BATES



*GIFTS THAT  
LAST*

Class Rings a Specialty

**SANDBERG  
THE JEWELER**

1291 HANCOCK STREET  
Q. H. S. RINGS

Telephone Granite 0974

**H. D. COLE**

**Optician**

OPTICAL WORK OF ALL KINDS

Depot Street

Quincy

FOR REAL SHOE VALUE

COME TO THE  
**SHOE MARKET**

Shoes for the Entire Family  
at Bargain Prices

*The Shoe Market*  
7-9 COTTAGE AVE.

Under Alpha Hall

**MERRYMOUNT  
CANNED GOODS**

ARE THE

**BEST**

**E. V. FITTS & COMPANY**

**WHOLESALE GROCERS**

83 Federal Ave.

Quincy

**MERRYMOUNT  
MARKET**

C. A. CLAPP, PROP.

GROCERIES

MEAT

FRUIT

CANDY

TONIC

TOBACCO

1060 Hancock Street  
Quincy

**JAMES A. GAMBLE & SONS**

**Groceries and Provisions**

1551 HANCOCK STREET

QUINCY

Now Girls a Shingle properly done is a thing of beauty, and makes you look smart—but one that is poorly done detracts from your youthfulness and gives you that home made look. So get the best and look your best.

*Our Work is the Best*

## WOLLASTON HAIRDRESSING PARLOR

25 Beale Street

Phone 1684-R

## JOYCE BROS. & CO., Inc.

M. J. L. KENNEDY, MANAGER

### CLOTHING

*For Men, Women and Children*

13-15 GRANITE STREET

QUINCY

*Compliments of*

## WOLLASTON AUTO BODY REPAIR SHOP

K. A. KARJARLANEIN

Proprietor

Off Woodbine Street

Wollaston

## Learn to Dance!

*And Enjoy the Class Parties*

Latest Steps and Correct Positions

Taught at the

## Wistaria Bungalow Dancing and Assemblies

Every Tuesday Evening - Instruction

8:00 to 9:15 - Assemblies 9:15 to 11:00

C. Y. WOODBURY

Granite 2783-M

## COAL

Prompt Deliveries on all grades

### Good, Clean Coal

Franklin Nut and Pea Mixed

**\$15 Per Ton**

## WOLLASTON COAL CO.

Tel. Granite 5390

## FOUND!

A Dandy Place to Buy Your

### Candy, Cigars and Sodas

Prescriptions Careful Filled

## Merrymount Drug Stores, Inc.

S. W. YOUNG, Reg. Ph. H. L. GREENE, Reg. Ph.

ELKS BLDG., 1224 Hancock Street  
QUINCY

COMPLIMENTS OF

**SIM'S TIRE SHOP**

19 Greenwood Ave.

Wollaston

COMPLIMENTS OF

**Everett R. Prout**

LAWYER

**WOLLASTON BATTERY STATION**

Automobile Electrical Service

Westinghouse Batteries

9 OLD COLONY AVE.

WOLLASTON

Tel. Granite 4065-W

COMPLIMENTS OF

**William Edwin Mullin, D. M. D.**

307 NEWPORT AVE., WOLLASTON

**Granite Beauty Parlor**

*"Work done by experts only"*

27a Beale St.

Wollaston

Scientific Hair and Scalp Treatments, Inecto,  
Notox, Hair Tinting, Bobbing and Shingling,  
Facial Massage, Permanent Waving, Nestle Lanoil  
Process, R-No-Treatment, Water Waving,  
Bleaching, Henna, Dyeing, Marcel Waving.  
Facial Treatments for Pimples, Blackheads  
Flabbiness and Wrinkles  
Superfluous Hair Removed Painlessly and  
Harmlessly by "Zip" Method.

Tel. Granite 3339-M

TEL. GRANITE 0042

NEW  
LINE OF  
**ALUMINUM  
KITCHEN WARE**

— ALSO —

**HARDWARE and PAINTS**

**J. MacFarland & Sons**

9 Brook Street

Wollaston

Tel. Cranite 2398

**JAMES P. CAHILL**

Men's and Boys' Furnishings

Cor. Beale Street and Greenwood Avenue  
WOLLASTON, MASS.

Pay Telephone Bills Here

**CORSETS FOR YOUNG GIRLS**

—ALSO—

TREO GIRDLES      CORSELETTES  
BRASSIERES AND HOSIERY

**THE CORSET SHOP**

MISS S. E. DUNPHY

Graduate Corsetiere Always in Attendance

8 Maple Street      Quincy, Mass.

Telephone Granite 0893-W

**YOU HAVE TRIED THE REST  
NOW RIDE THE BEST**

**Gold Medal Bicycles**

**C. E. CROUT**

11 COTTAGE AVE.      QUINCY  
Under Alpha Hall

Compliments of

**Quincy Army Store**

**23 School Street**

and

**1465 Hancock Street**



With an organization of men who *Know* their work--  
in a plant of modern equipment- we are enabled to offer  
you an efficient service - and the highest quality of

**PHOTO-ENGRAVING**  
IN LINE-HALF-TONE-OR COLOR

**DONOVAN & SULLIVAN ENGRAVING CO.**

235 - 237 - CONGRESS STREET - BOSTON MASS.

Please Mention The Golden-Rod When Patronizing Our Advertisers

# NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

## DAY SCHOOL OF BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

### *Training for Leadership:—Business, Social, Civic*

Two-year and four-year courses leading to Junior Certificate and degrees of Bachelor of Business Administration and Master of Business Administration.

### *Fields of Specialization*

|                       |               |                         |                      |                  |
|-----------------------|---------------|-------------------------|----------------------|------------------|
| Accounting            | Merchandising | Finance and Banking     | Administration       | Sales Management |
| Industrial Management |               | Marketing               | Personnel Management |                  |
|                       |               | Retail Store Management |                      |                  |

### *Progressive Methods of Instruction*

Problem method of Study, Analysis of Actual Business Problems, Home Study Projects, Individual and Group Surveys of Business, Motion pictures on Basic Industries, Personal Conferences with Executives.

### *Student Life*

Student representation from many states and countries. Democratic in spirit. Each student's voice counts in every program. Varsity athletics; basketball, track, soccer, gymnasium and swimming pool. Dramatics, glee clubs, minstrels, orchestra. Wholesome social atmosphere; fraternities, and other student organization.

Freshman Enrollment Limited. Early application for admission advisable Catalog on Request

**TURNER F. GARNER, Dean Northeastern University**

Boston Young Men's Christian Association

Boston 17, Mass.

It is the hope of the **Golden-Rod Staff** that readers of this magazine will substantially patronize advertisers who have so willingly contributed to its support. Buy from merchants who advertise in the **Golden-Rod**.

## JENSEN

## AUTO SUPPLY

"ON THE CORNER"

BILLINGS ROAD and HANCOCK ST.  
NORFOLK DOWNS

AUTO ACCESSORIES

Vesta Batteries  
and Service

U. S. Tires and Tubes  
Road Service

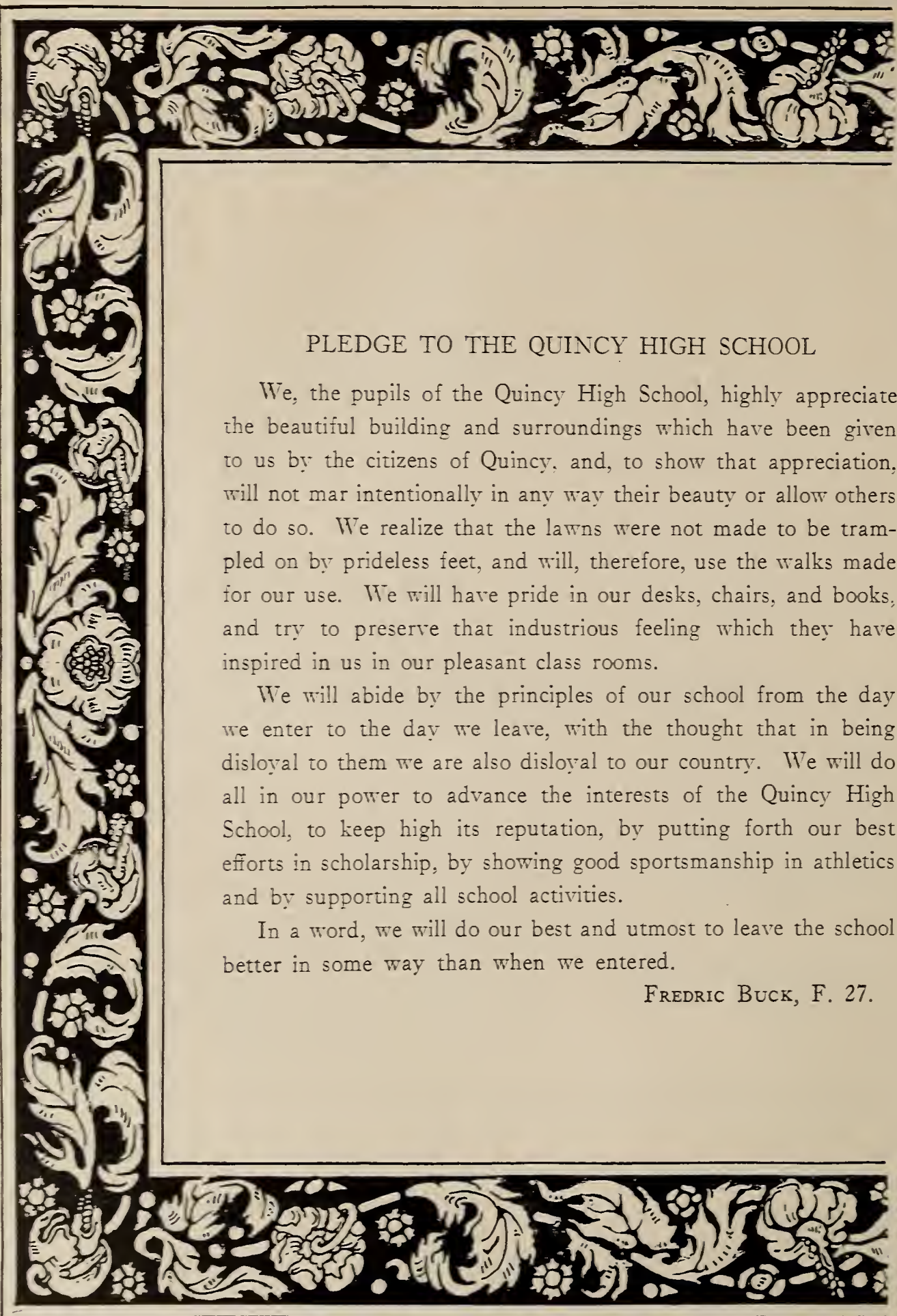
*Compliments of*

*A FRIEND*

# CONTENTS



|                                  |                  |    |
|----------------------------------|------------------|----|
| Pledge . . . . .                 | Fredric Buck     | 10 |
| Editorials . . . . .             |                  | 11 |
| The Joker . . . . .              | Edward O'Hearn   | 13 |
| An Old Man's Dream . . . . .     | Lucy Zannotii    | 14 |
| What College Didn't Do . . . . . | Louise B. Harlow | 15 |
| Vacations . . . . .              | R. C. Bruton     | 19 |
| Breakfast Food . . . . .         |                  | 19 |
| The Sacrifice . . . . .          | Alice C. Waite   | 20 |
| Canada . . . . .                 | Doris Ricker     | 22 |
| The Lone Wolf . . . . .          | Barbara Walker   | 23 |
| Just a Hair . . . . .            | William Tarbox   | 23 |
| Alumni . . . . .                 |                  | 25 |
| School News . . . . .            |                  | 27 |
| Exchanges . . . . .              |                  | 27 |
| Athletics . . . . .              |                  | 28 |
| Poems . . . . .                  |                  | 30 |
| Jokes . . . . .                  |                  | 31 |

A decorative border with a repeating floral and scrollwork pattern, featuring stylized flowers and leaves, runs along the top, bottom, and left sides of the page.

## PLEDGE TO THE QUINCY HIGH SCHOOL

We, the pupils of the Quincy High School, highly appreciate the beautiful building and surroundings which have been given to us by the citizens of Quincy, and, to show that appreciation, will not mar intentionally in any way their beauty or allow others to do so. We realize that the lawns were not made to be trampled on by prideless feet, and will, therefore, use the walks made for our use. We will have pride in our desks, chairs, and books, and try to preserve that industrious feeling which they have inspired in us in our pleasant class rooms.

We will abide by the principles of our school from the day we enter to the day we leave, with the thought that in being disloyal to them we are also disloyal to our country. We will do all in our power to advance the interests of the Quincy High School, to keep high its reputation, by putting forth our best efforts in scholarship, by showing good sportsmanship in athletics and by supporting all school activities.

In a word, we will do our best and utmost to leave the school better in some way than when we entered.

FREDRIC BUCK, F. 27.

# The Golden-Rod

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY THE PUPILS OF QUINCY HIGH SCHOOL

Vol. XXXVII No. 1

QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS

November 1924



## STAFF—CLASS OF FEBRUARY 1925

*Editor-in-Chief*

ALEXANDER SOUDEN

|                                                                                        |                 |                                                   |                 |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------|---------------------------------------------------|-----------------|
| <i>Literary Editor</i> .....                                                           | CLARA SAYLOR    | <i>Joke Editor</i> .....                          | EDWARD MALONEY  |
| <i>News Editor</i> .....                                                               | GERTRUDE SAVAGE | <i>Art Editor</i> .....                           | CHARLOTTE RIGGS |
| <i>Exchange Editor</i> .....                                                           | CORINNE HOLTEEN | <i>Business Manager</i> .....                     | JACK AINSLEIGH  |
| <i>Alumni Editor</i> .....                                                             | MARGARET MARR   | <i>Advertising Manager</i> .....                  | LIBERO MARINI   |
| <i>Athletic Editor</i> .....                                                           | HENRY CUTLER    | <i>Circulation Manager</i> .....                  | ROGER BASCOM    |
| <i>Publicity Manager</i> —CLARENCE NICKERSON                                           |                 | <i>Faculty Advisers</i> —MARGARET LOUISE DEITSCH, |                 |
| RUTH MARION GILES, ERNEST UPHAM                                                        |                 |                                                   |                 |
| <i>Assistant Advertising Managers</i> —EDITH GROSSMAN, GEORGE PHILBRICK, DOROTHY DROWN |                 |                                                   |                 |
| LORAIN FAUCETTE                                                                        |                 |                                                   |                 |

Fifty cents the year

Fifteen cents the copy

## WELCOME, FRESHMEN

You, the class of February, 1928, will undoubtedly be one of the best to graduate from Quincy High School. You have everything to work for and every possible help will be given you. During your coming high school years, you will not have in your way the obstacles with which the upper classes had to contend. Their chance for extra help was limited, for the most part, by the afternoon session. But you are in a new building, every advantage of which is yours. You are one of the school; make your opportunities count. Make use of your privileges, and help your school regain its reputation for high scholarship.

## RESPONSIBILITY

The city has recently given us a new school building that ranks with the best in the state. The responsibility for its care and condition has necessarily been placed with our head master. But capable

as any one person may be, this is a tremendous task because of the numerous phases of the problem. As Mr. Collins could never find time to attend to every detail, the only possible way to lighten this burden is for all of us to make it our duty to keep the building in its present new condition.

Our whole life is a chain whose links are fashioned with responsibility. As the years pass by, new and heavier links are added, so that in our high school years we begin to feel the weight of the load. Unless we learn to wear this chain in youth when it is light, we shall be pinned down by the shackles in mid-life. Each link is a duty; it may be shared, but must not be passed on or cast aside. It is an asset, not a liability! Our greatest men are those who have made each new link count.

Let us mold a new link into our chain. Let us show the people of Quincy that we are appreciative, that we can faithfully preserve, protect, and defend the massive structure entrusted to us.

**THE NEW AND THE OLD**

At last we are in the new building, the building of which we have talked and dreamed since we first entered high school. We pass to new class-rooms, sit at unscarred desks and wander through immaculate, yet unfamiliar hallways. Now we eat our lunches on enamel-topped tables and gather for our assemblies in a beautiful and spacious auditorium.

Yet, though things are new and strange about us, there is one thing that is not new, one thing that has been brought with us and that clings in spite of new surroundings. The spirit of Quincy High, revealing itself in each face of teacher or pupil, while together we strive to adapt ourselves to the new and far different conditions, certainly has not been lost,

nor left behind among the well-worn walls of the old building. It is here with us, and in such a new and inspiring setting this spirit ought surely to be felt more keenly and more earnestly by everyone.

RACHEL THOMAS.

**TRAFFIC SQUAD**

After the crush and disorder of the first few days of school, it was clearly seen that the Traffic Squad would become as permanent an institution in this building as it was in the old one. Following the appointment of the new squad, the student body has so heartily co-operated that confusion in the corridors has been practically eliminated. This apparent desire of the pupils to be as helpful as possible in student problems again shows the excellent morale of the school as a whole.

When the early flush of sunrise fills the world with light anew,  
And a myriad glorious colors gleam upon the sparkling dew,  
When the azure mountains glisten in the splendor of the dawn,  
And a thousand song birds in joyful chorus greet the glowing morn,  
Then if I can find a brooklet and secure a rod and line,  
And just start out a-fishing, greatest happiness is mine.  
Oh, there's nothing I can think of that is really much more fun  
Than a-fishing by the brooklet where the silver ripples run.

When the sun is high in heaven in the golden afternoon,  
And the bees among the blossoms keep a-humming the same tune,  
When there's scarce a breeze a-stirring, e'en the birds to sleep have gone,  
When the broad and stately river lazily flows on and on,  
And the trees that grow along its banks are mirrored in the stream,  
Then beneath the coolest shadows let me happy be and dream.  
I can think of nought more pleasant, lying sheltered from the sun,  
Than a-dreaming by the river where the silver ripples run.

When the sunset glow is fading and the evening shadows fall,  
One by one stars twinkle forth; clear sounds the whip-poor-will's sweet call,  
When the moon across the water makes a golden pathway bright,  
And the lark's notes echo softly, telling us that it is night,  
Then in my canoe I'll paddle o'er the lake so dim and still,  
Letting the fair moon-bathed waters carry me where'er they will,  
Oh, there's nothing so delightful, when at last the day is done,  
As a-gliding o'er the waters where the silver ripples run.

DOROTHY BRIGGS, Feb. '25.



## The Joker

As long as I live, I shall never see such a man as he. Half-naked, he lay on a filthy straw mattress. His skin, turned yellow by the ravages of his malady, was shrunk and withered. Eyes brilliant as diamonds were sunk into his forehead, where they glowed like red-hot coals. His hair was clotted and matted with mud and grass and blood. How long he had remained in that state I do not know, but that he was dying was beyond doubt. I tenderly lifted his emaciated body from that repulsive bed and carried him out into the sunlight, where I made as comfortable a resting place for him as I was able, and washed his feverish face and hands. I felt it my duty to remain by this tortured soul to the end, for there is an unwritten and unbroken law in the interminable, silent jungle that forbids one living thing to leave another in time of need. A flash of sincere gratitude which his lips were not able to utter was given by his burning orbs, as I carefully and slowly allowed him to sip a few teaspoonfuls of water. He raved incessantly, but, try as I might, I was unable to comprehend a word that he said. All was a meaningless babble, incoherent and unpleasant to hear.

At, I should judge, about four o'clock in the afternoon of that same day, as I quietly packed my emergency kit, I was astounded by hearing my patient say in a comparatively strong voice: "I take it you are leaving."

Hastily concealing my sudden surprise, I resorted to a somewhat weak method of putting his mind at rest. "No," I answered, "I am hunting for a needle and thread."

"So you're going to sew me up, eh?"

Evidently his mind was not to be distracted from the realization of his inevitable fate, so I remained silent.

"Come here," he demanded.

I hurriedly complied with his request and sat beside him, little knowing what was to follow. As the first few words were uttered, my belief was confirmed. This was the beginning of the end. For in persons afflicted with such a disease, the rational period is their last. Whatever this man said now would not be influenced by delirium.

"I shall omit that part of this narrative which would bore you, but which still remains like a sear in my brain. My time is short, and I must tell bare facts. One awful night the ship on which my son and I were passengers struck a hidden coral reef. In the mad race for life-belts, I saw with my very eyes a man club my boy to death so that he might be among those saved. As he rushed by me, I was too paralyzed to move, the monstrosity of such a crime overpowering me. But I saw his face, and vowed I would avenge my son. So I set out to find his murderer. I killed that man, sir, in just retaliation, yet I knew it would be necessary for me to go away to hide. You must remember, sir, that money can sometimes blind the law. He was rich; I was poor."

Here he paused for rest, while a hot hand gripped mine so fiercely that I marveled at the strength left in his body.

"I was crazed with hate that night, and with the cunning of a maniac I laid my plans. Yet the best-laid plans of many men go wrong. I am, sir, a victim of the disease called hay-fever. That night, as

I was about to dash down the winding stairway of his palatial residence, I sneezed."

His voice grew weaker now. I firmly believe it was his soul that rose to the occasion, that he might tell a story the like of which I have never heard nor ever shall hear again. As the flickering candle wavers, so did that persistent spark of life hover fitfully in his body.

"Years passed. Oh, yes, I had heard of the plan by which they were trying to bring me to justice. A foolish idea, I thought. A scientist who by chance had been visiting at the house the night I avenged my son, and who had heard those violent eruptions which I was powerless to prevent, maintained that no two persons sneeze alike. He therefore set out to find me. I was vain enough to think myself secure. But one night at a saloon in Madrid (I had shipped as a sailor all these years, drifting from port to port), a gentleman entered and sat next to me. I took no notice of him at first until I happened to glance at a package which he was unwrapping. To my consternation it contained sneeze-powder. Not that I could see the contents. My nose told me. I searched frantically for some place to smother those sneezes before they should paralyze me. A bowl of molasses was standing on this man's table, and into it

I plunged my head. Sir, the molasses, churned by my nasal exertions, hit him directly in the eyes, and so blinded and bewildered him that he did not notice my sudden exit."

The sun was slowly dipping into the sea, leaving a peaceful and beautiful land, leaving a land of wonder and enchantment, a land which the rose in the sky, the gold in the sea, and the green in the trees made indescribable, leaving the jungle, the silent and unfathomable, the embodiment of mystery and adventure.

For the last time now I gazed upon the pathetic figure of the man. Had he gone, I wondered? I bent over him to see if he still breathed. Yes, but how faintly, how weakly; he was dying with the day. Waiting for a short while, I again bent close to see him, and as I did I saw his eyes suddenly open, and a smile light his face while he gasped: "Good-by, friend—I-I'm through. Make yours as good."

And as life passed from his body the import of it all dawned upon me. This man had died joking. So, by the light of an old lantern, I dug his grave, and when all was finished I stood back and surveyed my work, "THE JOKER," his epitaph, carved in rude letters over his last resting place.

EDWARD O'HEARN, J. '25.

## An Old Man's Dream

Loving the woods and solitude, I often take long tramps by myself. On one of these tramps through a lonely wood I lost myself completely, and in a vain endeavor to find some way out I was suddenly arrested by the sound of soft music. Astonished, I walked in the direction of the sound. As I went nearer and nearer, it grew louder and louder. Never had I heard such music. The musician seemed to be pouring out his very soul.

At last I found the player. Standing in the doorway of a rude hut, bareheaded and coatless, was an old man with flowing white locks and a well-trimmed, long, snowy beard. Under his chin he held,

lovingly, a violin. When he saw me, he put down his instrument tenderly and came to meet me. I explained to him my predicament.

Little by little, after a "rude" meal, I gained his confidence; at last he told me his story:

Nathaniel Wescott belonged to a very old and noble family. He was the only son, and was given much more freedom than was good for him. He was taught to play by the best masters the world had produced, and it was prophesied that he would become a famous musician.

But his wealth and the attention showered on him spoiled his life. He became

unruly, no one could please him, and at last he could find pleasure only in nature. He gave one performance, where his brilliancy and talent were eagerly accepted by an "enthusiastic" assembly. He was greeted "enthusiastically," but that same night he disappeared. He had given no sign of departure, but he had left as completely as if the earth had swallowed him up. He had come here and lived the life of a hermit, his sole companions being nature and his violin. Nature had taught him many things of which he had never dreamed.

"And now," he said, "since I have but little time left on earth, my one desire is to play again in public and tell something of what nature has taught me. Then I shall be ready to meet my Master."

The next morning he came back to civilization, and soon after he gave his recital. If ever a musician put his soul into his music, Nathaniel Wescott did.

His audience was happy at one moment and sad in the next; he gave them thoughts that pierced their own hearts with sadness, and notes which thrilled them to such intense gladness that mirth softened the hearts of the most impenetrable.

At last the music was over. He had left his listeners with a prayer. A breathless stillness pervaded the theatre for a full minute. And then the audience awoke. The thunderous applause that burst forth made the walls fairly vibrate, while the musician was called again and again.

The next morning came clamorous requests for him, but during the night he had disappeared as suddenly as he had come; and search as we may, we have never found him. His dream had been realized.

LUCY ZANOTTI, Feb. '25.

## What College Didn't Do

The house was overflowing with gladness; old Anne was making pies, bread, cakes, doughnuts, jelly tarts and a hundred other wonderful things; Jack was happy, and showed it as plainly as a police dog can, when he is *happy*; Tim, the gardener, was "sprucing up" the already immaculate grounds; inside and outside the house all was hustle and bustle. The cars were washed, the saddle horses rubbed till their coats were glossier than ever. And why. The young master was coming home!

It was the last of June, and Sidford Edwards, Jr., was coming home from college to spend the summer. Last year he had stopped off on his way to Larry Borne's camp in New York—but this year he was coming home, and every one was happy—the house was filled with gladness—Sid Edwards was coming home!

There was but one person who seemed sorry and depressed. He was in the large,

book-lined library at his desk, thinking—reading over and over again a letter, and then pausing to think some more. It was Sid's father, and it was because he loved him that Mr. Edwards dreaded to see his son return. It pained him, for he knew that the long-dreaded understanding between Sid and himself must come soon after the arrival of his boy.

He was thinking of Sid as a young boy, fifteen—then again of him as he had been at prep school, eighteen—and now a junior in college—twenty-one! He came back from the land of thoughts and looked again at the letter which was the cause of his sadness. It was from the College Board of his son's college—a short, straight to the point letter:

Mr. Sidford Edwards, Sr.,

The Manors,

Standish, Connecticut.

Dear Sir:

The College Board begs to inform you that your son, Sidford, has failed

in two major subjects this year, and, if he returns, must repeat the course.

We are sorry to inform you that this failure in Greek and Mathematics is due, simply, to his extraordinary love for journalism and English literature, as he has neglected his important subjects for a more than necessary study of the above mentioned.

Will you please advise us as to the arrangements you wish us to make about this matter?

Yours very truly,

S. M. DOBLE,

Chairman of College Board.

So, as in his prep school days, yes, even his childhood, Sid's love for journalism had caused his failure in "more important subjects." He would have it out with Sid once and for all. Just because his father owned half of Standish and was a success was no reason that the boy could stay in college for ever and just play around at newspaper work. Bah!—who ever heard of an Edwards working for the narrow-minded editor of some small town newspaper? Yes, he would have it out with the boy, and soon at that.

It was that night after dinner—after Sid had greeted the family and done more than "polite justice" to Anne's cooking—that his father asked him to come to the library.

"All right, Dad. Just as soon as I look at this paper Higgins just brought in. I've a story starting in it, and I want to give it the once-over. Sorry to keep you waiting, Dad—be there in no time—'bout five minutes."

The same old Sid, thought his father, still completely wrapped up in writing and newspapers. It was hard, but he must make Sid see things his way, even if it meant parting, for Sid was very proud, and loved his work; that his father knew.

When Sid entered the library, he noticed that his father was gloomy. "Hello, Dad, what's the matter? Been overworking lately, or am I your black sheep?"

For answer, Mr. Edwards produced the letter from the college board. Immediately the expression on Sid's face changed,

but he did not read the letter, nor did he speak for some time. Then, "I'm sorry, Dad, but Greek and Math just don't come, and—well, I'd rather write than eat, and I can't help it!"

"Well, young man; you've had your chance at Greek and Math. You're going to work in my mill, at the bottom of the ladder, and all chance for success and advancement depends wholly upon you."

"Never, Dad," answered Sid quietly. "I'd rather collect ashes. I will before I'll work in that dirty mill—I can't, I'm going out on my run. I haven't been a spendthrift, and three-quarters of the more than sufficient allowance you've given me I've banked, and I've my car, and money Mother left me, and—well, Dad, I guess I'll say good-bye. You understand. I'm not angry—but I hate that mill, and I can't work in it, even for you."

"Boy—Sid, wait a minute! You'll never succeed at the rate you're going now. You've a chance to succeed, why not take it? It's a great chance—You—you won't; why, you're afraid to soil your hands. Here's a hundred dollars, it's all I'll give you, and you may keep your car and money. Remember, this is a good-bye, a good-bye at your own choosing, and let it remain such until you consider yourself worthy of my consideration."

Sid left next morning in his car. On reaching New York he went to a large garage.

"What will you give me for my car? It's a Lincoln, 1924 model, only driven about fifteen hundred miles; good condition. I wouldn't sell it only I need the money. Yes—sure it's mine—didn't think I stole it, did you? Well, don't judge others by yourself, my man. Come on, what will you give me for it?"

"Two thousand cash, if it's any good. Let's have a look at the bus. Yes, it is pretty good-lookin'; taken pretty good care of it for a high-steppin' youngster like you, ain't you? Yep! two thousand cash; is it a go or not?"

They closed the deal, and Sid went back to Standish, but not to The Manors. He had a camp about two miles out, and

now it proved useful. He wasn't sure what he'd do, but he deposited his money in the bank; all his wordly cash amounted to five thousand dollars. Yes, it was pretty good; he could live in ease for some time on that, but Sid had passed the point where he looked upon his future as a life of ease—roaming, spending money, never working; now he had an intense desire to "show" his Dad. It would require thought—but, well, Youth always finds a way. He bought a paper, some provisions, a few books, and went back to camp. After a satisfying meal of bacon and eggs, coffee and baker's doughnuts, he pushed back his chair, stuck his feet on the corner of the table, and began to read.

He opened *The Standish Telegram* and read aloud! "Huh, scandal in li'l ole Standish. We're stepping out, folks—headlines an inch and a half high—well, look at this—just listen to this!" (this to the walls of the cabin apparently).

"Standish Times In Last Stages of  
Bankruptcy

Will Be Forced to Sell

"June 28, 1924.—*The Standish Times* filed a plea today for bankruptcy, and will be forced to sell out. It may be impossible to find a party who will pay the \$3,500 wanted for the paper; if so, it will be a clear case of bankruptcy, which will come as a great blow to the citizens of Standish, as *The Times* is, though a small paper, a reliable one."

"Only \$3,500, and I've got \$5,000, and, golly! I believe I'll do it—if I can get it—if it's not too late—oh, where's my hat?"

Sid went to the office of the editor, who owned the paper, and after some arguments about a young man's capability, and so forth, with the aid of a lawyer and witnesses he bought the paper.

\* \* \* \* \*

From that time on *The Standish Times* grew in a strong, quiet way. No one in the outside world, no, none but his most intimate employees, knew of Sid's ownership. The articles, interviews, editorials, criticisms of the paper were much read and more discussed.

The most prominent people of the city were interviewed; a farmers' exchange

column was started, listing the farmers outside the city bounds who brought goods in to sell, telling what they had, prices, quality, and how often they came to town. A children's and teachers' page ran once a week, and the editorials were short, "snappy," and to the point; they the nail on the head. There was no "back-biting," no unsigned letters to the editor, no narrow views allowed in this paper, and on that foundation *The Standish Times* became, within nine months, Standish's leading daily. Still the editor, Edward Sidney, the name under which Sid had bought the paper and still used, was practically an unknown quantity.

Meanwhile Mr. Edwards' business was increasing. He was thinking of operating another mill if he could buy it, but before the deal was closed he was called away, and it was necessary to leave his affairs in the hands of his business manager, Mr. Hicks. He gave Mr. Hicks full power to buy the rights of the other mill when they had come to the necessary agreement.

Mr. Hicks ran the business for a week, then began to work on his own interests. He "borrowed" \$50,000 from Mr. Edwards' firm. His plan was to buy the rights of the Standish Manufacturing Company with \$50,000 "borrowed" from Mr. Edwards, then sell it back to Mr. Edwards for \$80,000, thus making his employer pay \$15,000 for the company rights. Oh, yes, it was a "bright idea," one to be expected of a man of Mr. Hicks' calibre; but he didn't know that there was a man in Standish who had an eye on the Edwards' factory no matter what happened. He knew that *The Standish Times* could ruin him if it got hold of his scheme, but there are times when, by keeping quiet, it is possible to harm people a thousand times more than by publicly denouncing their guilt and dishonesty.

One of Sid's men overheard a conversation when he was looking up some reports on stocks. He told Sid, and within ten hours the owner of *The Standish Times* had purchased the rights of the Standish Manufacturing Company.

This company began to grow, as had

*The Times*, and in a month, when Mr. Edwards returned, everyone was discussing Mr. Edward Sidney from nowhere, who had not only made a success of two fast failing businesses in the city, but who had just written a book, "What College Didn't Do For Me."

The first thing Mr. Edwards did when he found that the unknown procedure was legal was to direct a detective agency to find the owner of the mill and *The Times*.

The next day the detective reported to him. "I've found him, Mr. Edwards; he is at present in the office of the Manufacturing Company. I hope I didn't do wrong, sir; I told him to expect an important gentleman in twenty minutes."

In twenty minutes Mr. Edwards walked into the office of the Standish Manufacturing Company, and was surprised to see his son sitting there.

"Sid, boy, you're working; why, I didn't even know you were in town. Where have you been? Are you secretary to the mysterious Mr. Sidney?"

"No; whom do you wish to see?"

"I want to see the owner. I've an appointment."

"The owner? Oh, he's right here!"

"This is no time for fooling, Sidford. I must see Mr. Sidney, and at once!"

Sid rose slowly from his chair, stood up to his full height, and could he be blamed if, besides the tender look in his eyes, there was on his lips the faintest suggestion of a triumphant smile?

"Sorry, Dad, Mr. Edward Sidney will be very busily occupied for the next few minutes; in the meantime, I am going to give you a lecture to pay for all the lectures you've given me since I was knee-high to a toad!"

"Firstly, I'm afraid I'll have to disagree with you that every boy, because he can't do everything in college, is a slacker—that he's a slacker just because he loves and plugs at one special thing. College professors forget that; they forget that a fellow may love his chosen profession as much as his own parents, and hate the other, unnecessary things, as much as he hates his father's worst enemy.

"Oh, no, I'm not running down the principles of any college—I love my own too well—but people didn't understand that my life was—is writing. I had to show them—by golly, I think I have!—that my extraordinary love for journalism and English literature and neglect of 'more important subjects' has not done me any harm. I can look you in the eye, Dad, and tell you I'm a success, a clean success; so can the people in Standish, but the one big thing I learned I didn't get in college. I wanted something, and I've learned that if you want something long enough and hard enough you get it; that keeping everlastingly at it is the thing, and it's the fellow who dares stand out against the bunch who wins! You needn't look bored; you came here to see Mr. Sidney. A word or two before I introduce him. He's a young man, but he has worked hard to show his elders, especially his dear old Dad, that he *could* get somewhere, that he was worthy of consideration. It's been hard, Dad, but you wanted to meet Mr. Sidney, didn't you?"

"Mr. Edwards, allow me to present to you Mr. Edward Sidney of Standish."

"But where—I don't see anyone but y—"

"Well, I like that, Dad. Dad," pleadingly, "I am Mr. Edward Sidney!"

"You, Sid, my boy! You! But how—where? You own the mill, the paper—you wrote that book, that wonderful book, 'What College Didn't Do For Me?' You did it to show me—for me, boy? I see it all now." Mr. Edwards spoke in a dazed way. "Hicks' disappearance, your help, worth my consideration? I guess you are! Boy, I'm proud of you! It took a long time to make me see light. You've got a dunce of an old Dad, but—oh, Sid, I'm proud of my son!"

LOUISE B. HARLOW, Feb. '26.

# Vacations

We are all familiar with the many problems arising in the choosing of a satisfactory vacation spot, but only those who have experienced it can appreciate the perplexities of this problem in a large family.

We will suppose that Father and Mother, Elizabeth, Mary, and Anne, as well as Brother Jack, decide to go vacationing together. Of course, they would much prefer going singly, or, at most, in pairs, but, you see, there is but one car, so what are they to do? The possibility of dividing into groups and apportioning the car to either would call for a Solomon's judgment; and then who wants half a car? The family has long since come to the conclusion that two Fords are better than one machine, but this enlightenment did not come until after the original purchase. So it's "united they stand," but, contrary to the noted phrase, "united they fall."

Each has decided on a favorite time for vacationing when Anne decides to take a course in summer school, and so the vacation has to be during the last two weeks in August.

Father's ideas as to a place are changeable. He likes the ocean, but the mountain air is so bracing. Golf is his favorite

sport, but his doctor has advised bathing. He prefers a modest hotel, for, you see, he pays the bills.

Mother would rather stay at home—that is, if the rest of them would only go somewhere.

Elizabeth's beau must come for week-ends, so they must not go too far. Mary would like to go far enough way so as "not to meet anyone from this town."

Anne's ideas run to Narragansett Pier, where her recently replenished wardrobe will do itself justice. Bar Harbor wouldn't be bad.

Brother Jack doesn't care so long as the place isn't "dead."

Friends are asked for their advice. Each suggested resort is found to be good, fair, or terrible in turn as the questioning goes on. In many cases when three opinions are expressed one place is found to be all three.

Decision is delayed. Arbiters are called in, and everyone is on the verge of a nervous breakdown when Providence steps in and forces a decision. Grandpa and Grandma have wired that they will come to visit the family during the last two weeks in August.

R. C. BRUTON, June '25.

# Breakfast Food

BY HAM, WITH THE APPROVAL OF EGGS

Barnum was right when he said there was a sucker born every minute, but even he didn't foresee the number of candy factories it was going to take to keep the little High School pupils supplied with lollypops.

Anybody noticed a familiar odor about one of the good-looking upper classmen? Just another Senior taken to using "Slickum."

Is there anyone so fortunate as not to have seen and heard the Sophomores? If

so, we congratulate him upon being deaf, dumb and blind.

By the vacation talk floating around corridors, it seems as though there must have been an extra supply of new moons this past summer.

"Necessity is the mother of invention," sure enough! Just listen to some of the excuses being hastily "hatched up" in the office.

As a warning, let us repeat the off-hand remark of a well-known teacher: "I'm merely tolerating you study pupils. Don't

make yourselves any more obnoxious by talking."

Wonder if there are any pupils who don't know Whittier's "Snowbound"? Most of us wish he had been before he started to write poetry. Perhaps if "The Barefoot Boy" had been considerate enough to wear a pair of shoes, we wouldn't now have to be tracing his well-worn path.

Queer what interest such a common thing as a fire engine can cause during recitations.

Wake up, fellows! Haven't you noticed there's a burying ground on both sides of the school?

We thank Ernie Vallee for throwing light on that favorite quotation, "No excuses accepted for failure to do homework except marriage, death or imprisonment." So we're too good to die, too wide awake for imprisonment, and too wise to marry.

We're pleased to meet you, Napoleon. We're wondering if your appeal won't be answered by having more than a penny put in each outstretched hand.

We'll have to get a new excuse for coming in late to periods. Getting lost in the new building is beginning to be found out.

Wonder how long before a new floor will have to be laid in front of the blackboards in Miss Thompson's room?

Any time after school that you're feeling a bit lonesome and can't find any of your pals, just drop into Mr. Jewell's room. You'll find it's a gem of an idea.

The new High School, we'll admit, outshines the old one, but we feel we might have cheerfully got along without some of the improvements, such as afternoon sessions.

Just as the fire alarms, our High School is now yellow instead of red. We're convinced that afternoon sessions were drawn up with the rest of the architect's plans, for we've heard the fire alarms were thus painted so as to be more easily seen in the dark.

A new difficulty presents itself. The new auditorium is so large we fear we'll have to supply the unfortunate cast of the Senior dramatics with megaphones.

We like the new High School, though. We're proud because it's one of the finest in the state. Just think, F. '25, we'll be the first to graduate from it! We ought to adopt a motto similar to the one applied to Washington: "First in scholarship, first in sportsmanship, and first in the list of graduations."

## The Sacrifice

Life to Alfred Gainsborough consisted of work, football, food, football, and then more football. Al was twenty-one, and had just been chosen captain of the town of Hartville's football team. This was a great honor, but his broad shoulders carried it gracefully. Young Gainsborough was a true American. He respected work, loved play, and was always an advocate of good sportsmanship. He also possessed the failings of a young, inexperienced American, for often his hot temper would not wait for reason to cool it. However, his fame as an athlete was sung in every local home, and he usually brought home "the bacon" after each game.

Alfred's home life had a great influence

on him. His father and mother were still sweethearts, and both were pals to their son. Their happiness was founded on their hopes for his future, although their hearts often ached for Jack, their older son, who had failed at college, disgraced them at home, and left them for a more exciting existence. Alfred had always loved Jack, and believed that his brother's folly was due to bad companions. The last information regarding Jack had come from a club manager, who relayed the news that Jack, a splendid athlete in spite of his misdemeanors, was selling his services to different clubs, a sort of wandering hero.

Thanksgiving Day had arrived, and

with it the scheduled game, the greatest one of the season. Al's team was about to meet its strongest rival, the town team from Derby, on the home field that afternoon. Each town to a man was planning to be out on the side-lines to root for its team. Special songs and cheers were written for the occasion. The pop-corn man was well supplied and the town joker was collecting his humorous sayings from a recent publication of "Life."

Al was justly proud of his boys, and was confident that they would put their hearts and souls into the game. It had been rumored that the opposing team had acquired an ex-college man to play end, and rumor also had it that nothing could stop him. Al also played end, but he had no qualms as to what the other fellow could do, for he had, in previous games, blocked many a smashing attack.

Three o'clock and the game was on! The referees had met, had tossed the coin between the captains, and the elevens had formed on the field, with the kick-off going to the Hartville team. The first quarter was hectic, for both teams seemed to be testing each others' strength and ability. In the second quarter things livened up considerably. A touchdown was almost made by Al, but the husky right-end on the Derby team shot out through space and brought him crashing to the ground. It was a dirty tackle, but it served its purpose. Also, three of Al's best men had been carried off the field; somehow in the jumble they had all been kicked in the head.

During the half, Al called to his side Grayson, a hot-tempered, impulsive chap.

"See here, Grayson, we're going to play dirty in this next quarter. I don't know who that end is, although I might recognize him if he had less 'terra firma' on his face, but I do know that he's the one who's been kicking our fellows. He's been playing dirty. Now we'll turn the tables!"

So Al and Grayson planned, on the forward pass, to catch the end between them, each tackling with all his strength. It would probably mean a couple of broken ribs, but they didn't care.

The whistle blew. The teams were in

position, but the quarterback of the Derby team called time to fix a broken shoe-string. Al raised his eyes to glance at his opponent, who was calmly scrutinizing the cloudless sky. The blood rushed to Al's head. It couldn't be true! Underneath the chin of his rival was a triangular scar, so unusual in its position that there never could be two like it. This mud-stained end must be his brother, for he had made that distinctive mark which could never be erased when they had been children playing together! What could Al do? He could not call off Grayson. The quarterback was in position and his signals snapped out. A forward pass! Al's brain became alive immediately. His brother was almost in position to catch the ball with a clear field in front of him, except for Grayson, who was charging blindly from the side like a mad bull, his head lowered and his arms thrashing the air. With a muffled groan Al sprang forward, coming in on Jack from the other side. Could he reach there before Grayson? When he was a youngster he would gladly have died for his brother and, God willing, he would die for him now! He reached Jack, but instead of tackling him as the excited fans expected, he put himself between the oncoming Grayson and the end. The side-lines heard the dull thud as Grayson's lowered helmet caught Al in the chest, but Jack amid all that excitement had heard the groan of his brother, whom he had thought to deceive by his muddy face, for he was ashamed to be recognized by his former school-mates and friends.

As two boys lifted Al up gently, he opened his eyes and motioned to Jack, who was standing near.

"Jack, old boy, won't you come home after the game? The folks will be expecting you."

Jack Gainsborough, the toughened product of a short life full of hard knocks, dropped his worldliness as the tears rolled down his cheeks.

"You just bet I will, Al, if you're sure you all want me. And I'd like to stay a while and have you teach me how to be a Man!"

ALICE C. WAITE, J. '25.

# Canada

This summer I was fortunate enough to be able to go on an automobile tour through New York State and parts of Canada.

One who has never been in Canada usually thinks of that country as rather "foreign" and "different." I myself thought so, and I was rather surprised to find that Canadian scenery is like that of the United States.

We crossed the Canadian border about forty miles beyond Malone, New York, *en route* to Montreal. This was in August, so the fields were rich with the promise of a fruitful harvest and the hills beautiful with the many shades of summer green.

As we left the border line behind and steadily approached Montreal, the only strange note in the landscape was the general pasturage of the farm animals; the horses, cows, pigs and hens in many cases inhabited the same meadow. Many times, by the way, the meadows were great fields of clover. I understood then the reference, "pigs rolling in clover."

After several hours of pleasant traveling, we were forced by tire trouble to stop at a small garage in a little French settlement. While the men folk fixed the tire, Mother, Grandmother and I amused ourselves watching the Canadian children. As I found out from the mother, after some trouble with the French language, there were five girls and two boys, none of whom could speak a word of English. I wanted very much to try to converse with them in their tongue, but they were shy, and I could only find out two names, "Martin" or Martha and Louis.

Soon after starting on our way again, we saw the long bridge over the Saint Lawrence river to Montreal in the distance, and in a short time we were in the city itself. It appeared like any American city, but there were signs in French

everywhere, many times without the English translation.

We looked around and ate luncheon, then went on toward Quebec. No longer was the landscape familiar, for every few moments we passed beautiful shrines erected beside the road. The quaint Canadian villages were lovely and the houses picturesque with their closed blinds and their door yards gay with brilliantly colored blossoms.

We stopped that night at Hotel Victoria in Berthier, which was very pleasant and comfortable. Traveling all the next day through more Canadian villages and past other wayside shrines, cooking lunch over the campfire, we reached Quebec before sundown, when a policeman with a big white helmet directed us to lodgings. Our landlady's son, a boy of eighteen, who talked English very well, offered to show us the way to Sainte Anne de Beaupre, and we decided to go there that evening.

The sun was a red-gold ball in the west when we drove through the Evangeline country. What an odd feeling it was to think that I was going over the same land which I'd read of so many times in Longfellow's "Evangeline."

And the shrine of Sainte Anne! Words are inadequate to describe that beautiful altar with its many steadily burning, colored lights. The sight of the discarded crutches and canes at the feet of Sainte Anne's statue impressed me very much indeed. The picture of this shrine alone was worth the whole trip of twenty-eight hundred miles.

It was dark when we turned back toward Quebec, and the same man in the moon which watched over my friends at home looked down on the quiet land, making a shining path across the beautiful Saint Lawrence river.

DORIS RICKER, Feb. '26.

# The Lone Wolf

The cold, dark winter has fallen on the northlands and the drear north wind moans in the little clump of pine trees; then sweeps out to the wide expanse beyond. Silent and still it lies under the soft, white mantle of snow, which sparkles like diamonds in the pale rays of the cold moon. The wind whirls the tiny stars around and piles them into a huge drift; then, well satisfied with his work, he passes on with a hollow laugh.

Now from afar comes a cry, floating on the crisp, cold air. It is the cry of the North, in which all the loneliness, the cold and drear are personified. It comes from the depths of a soul longing for companionship and love, and fills the air which in itself is characteristic of solitude, so still, so keen. Far off in the moon's rays a dark, gaunt form is visible. It approaches, moving swiftly, making not a sound save the soft crunching of the snow under its cushion-padded feet. It is the grey timber wolf, that lonely creature that runs with the wind and haunts the cold mountain tops. He stops in the full flood of moonlight and dropping on his haunches, with nose pointed straight upward, utters a cry. A few days before his note had had a different sound, one of joy and love. But since then he had lost his mate, a beautiful silvery creature, swift as an arrow, that had run with him through the snow-covered forests. In the joy of living, they had forgotten all dangers, had forgotten that the North was invaded by men.

It all seems like a dream now, the joyful beginning of the race, the sudden stopping and cry of his mate, and the fearful sight of her beautiful paw caught in the cruel jaws of a steel trap. He had begged and coaxed her to follow him. Then he had wrought himself into a frenzy trying to free the bleeding paw. It was over too quickly,—the fearful smell of man, the shot piercing the air, the crimson blood staining the white snow. With the smell of death in his nostrils, the wolf had dashed into the forest, ever pushing onward to get away from the place to which memory calls.

A shadow now falls on the dazzling snow; the wolf turns to see a huge antlered creature emerging from the forest. The majestic figure stops and glares with red eyes at the wolf, which cautiously creeps closer. With a spring, the wolf sinks his sharp teeth in the tough neck of the moose. A long, fierce struggle ensues, during which the attacked one thrashes around, trying to rid itself of the clinging fury. With a final toss of its head, the moose breaks the wolf's hold and tramples its body under the cruel hoofs.

Torn and bleeding, the wolf lies still, the hand of death slowly tightening its grip. The icy fingers close and all is over. The lone wolf has found his mate.

The moon continues to shine. Its soft light wraps the slumbering world. The pine trees moan and God's creatures run free.

BARBARA WALKER, June '25.

# Just a Hair

The circuit racers were making their final appearance at the Fair. The last race of each of the two previous days had been counted as a heat in the "Big Race," and the final heat was about to be run.

Betting had been heavy on Blackjack the first two days, but Carney, his driver and owner, preferred to have some other

horse run as favorite. That morning Blackjack warmed up on the track rather late, and the critical eyes of the race track followers immediately noticed a limp in his off front leg. The rumor quickly spread that Blackjack had gone lame. The odds went against him, six to one not to win, four to one not to place, and

Shadow became the favorite.

The first two races had been divided, a win and a second for Shadow, and the same for Blackjack.

Shadow was a big gray—one of those horses that requires a great deal of limbering up before he runs well. With this in mind, his driver purposely spoiled several starts, and by thus doing warmed up his own horse and tired the others at the same time.

Blackjack was a temperamental sort, who, when tired or when conditions did not suit him, would break into a run and, being very strong-mouthed, was hard to break back to a trot. Blackjack was also extremely afraid of a whip. If whipped, he would break and run until he was exhausted. The day was hot and sultry, not at all to Blackjack's liking. Far off thunder rumbled between the listless strains of music from the band, which was punctuated by the sing-song cry, "Orangeade, ginger ale, root beer, lemon 'nd lime, 'nd sasp'rilla!"

After a few false starts, the horses were allowed to go. Amid cries of "They're off!" were mingled shouts to the effect that Blackjack was not limping. It was true.

The start was a good one, but after the track had been circled once, Carney felt a sinking sensation in his heart. Blackjack was sulking. He would not pass Shadow. He seemed contented to remain with his head just by the shoulder of Shadow's driver. Carney knew that if he could only use the whip Blackjack could win the pole, but to use the whip might mean that the horse would break and throw the race. At the three-quarters turn Shadow pulled ahead and ran close in. Suddenly, as the last turn approached, he stumbled, losing his stride. Carney, throwing all his weight on the rein, pulled Blackjack out from the post to avoid hitting Shadow. As he did so, he heard an

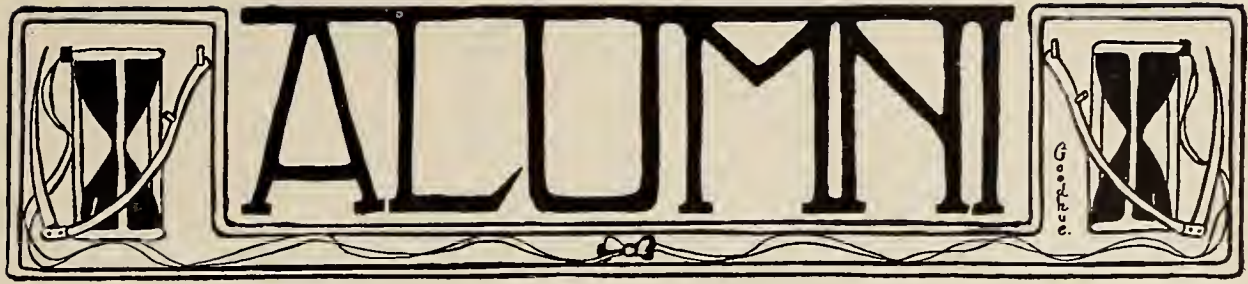
ominous creak; one of his wheels was strained. By the time Blackjack had arrived side by side with Shadow, his rival had regained his stride. Thus they pulled into the stretch, Blackjack showing no inclination to pass. Carney could only shout to his horse and wish that he could use a whip.

Just as the pair reached a point about fifteen yards from the judges' stand, the near wheel of Carney's sulkey caved in, and from the grand stand there arose cries of, "He's done! Come on Shadow!" Groans came from the Blackjack rooters. For a fraction of a second Carney thought the race was lost, but then he saw that the noise and the sudden drag had startled Blackjack into a spurt. The crowd sensed the victory for Blackjack in the air. "Step on it, Carney! Come and get it, you peg-leg." Rooters for Shadow, already hoarse, put their last efforts into their voices. "Feed him the whip!" "Please, please come in Shadow." But Blackjack passed the judges' stand a winner. Shadow came in second, his nose just beside Blackjack's girth.

Carney's stable boy later said to him, "Boss, I played your tip and bet on Blackjack, but how come he didn't limp?"

"Do you see this tendon?" Carney answered as he reached down and touched a cord in the horse's leg. "Well, I threaded a needle with a horse hair and just before you took Blackjack out to warm up, I ran it back of the tendon, through the skin. When the horse stepped on that foot it felt queer, so he favored it when he walked. Just before the race I took out the hair, which I had left protruding a little, and his foot was as good as ever. Of course, you know that all is fair in love and horse racing, but I wouldn't tell anyone about this if I were you."

WILLIAM TARBOX, Feb. '25.



1899

Over forty members were present at the twenty-fifth reunion of the Class of 1899, which was held June 28, at the Adams House, Boston, where a banquet was served. Ralph Foss, class president, was toastmaster, and Mr. Frederick A. Tupper, school principal at that time, was among the speakers.

1916

John Mahoney is on the faculty of the Taunton High School.

1917

George Prout is superintendent at the General Electric Company of Dallas, Texas. He was recently joined by his wife (Marion Snow, '16) and George R., Junior.

Percy Jenkins is connected with a banking firm in Galveston, Texas.

1918

Sara Grossman is to be married on Thanksgiving Day to Mr. Louis H. Helman of Roxbury.

1919

John Preti, B. U., '22, having been awarded the Augustus Howe Buck Fellowship, completed one year at the graduate school of Harvard University, and will study abroad this year.

Charles Hedges attends Syracuse University in New York.

Rita Prout has announced her engagement to Alexander Smart, of Quincy.

1920

Virginia Follett Wheelock, '24, is conducting a private kindergarten in Wollaston.

1921

Arthur Mendel did excellent work at Harvard last year.

Harold Deacon is studying for the ministry at Trinity College, Hartford, Conn.

1922

A. Wilson Barstow has been elected president of the junior class at Norwich University.

Dorothy Locke, Winifred Barnes, and Caroline Field are at Simmons College.

Joseph Thomas is a junior at Bowdoin College.

Foster St. Clair passed last year at Harvard with distinction.

June, 1923

Mabel Miller is now a sophomore at Mt. Holyoke College.

Blanche Cutler, Eleanor Fredette, Olive Fuller, and Margaret McDermott are studying at Bridgewater Normal.

Carol Coletti is going to the Harvard Architectural School.

Robert Cliffe is a sophomore at Norwich University.

Hargraves Heap attends Dartmouth College.

February, 1923

William Fallis successfully passed an examination for entrance to the nautical training ship, ranking second in a class of two hundred candidates.

Martha Tikkanen has entered Smith College.

Beatrice Golbranson is a senior at the Perry Kindergarten School.

Abraham Pactovis excelled at Harvard last year.

February, 1924

Gertrude Svard, Helvi Sundelin, Dagmar Gustafson, and Maria Edmonston have entered Boston University.

Alfred Houston is a student at Dartmouth College.

Ermanno Basilio, awarded the Rotary Club Scholarship, is registered at Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Bertram Barrows goes to Northeastern University.

Dorothy Berwick and Clara Zottoli have begun their studies at Radcliffe College.

Alice Goodspeed is registered at Simmons College.

The following attend Bridgewater Normal School: Hazel Bizzet, Dorothy Bruton, Leonora Columbo, and Helen Laitine.

Dorothy Hall is working at the Granite Trust Company.

Barbara Dana is enrolled at the Sargeant School.

William Hodgkinson attends Norwich University.

Ruth Broadbent goes to Boston Normal Art School.

Alice Vibert is enrolled at Miss Gibb's School.

Geraldine Olive and Florence Ekdahl are taking a course at Bryant and Stratton.

Amos Leavitt is a freshman at New Hampton Institute.

Ernest Paige is employed at the Liberty Trust Company, Boston. He plans to enter college next year.

We welcome back the following as post graduates: Blanche Mullaney, Catherine McCoy, Ruth Cumming, Viola Dunkerly and Edson Fuller.

June, 1924

Eliot Weil has entered Bowdoin College.

Ruth Hill is registered at Brown University.

Elizabeth Morey, Stanley Blomquist, and James Cunningham are at Massachusetts Agricultural College.

Elizabeth Morgan, Florence Martin, and Conrad Nobili have entered Boston University.

Ernest Vallee and Thomas Donlin are now attending Thayer Academy.

Eleanor Strickland is a freshman at Simmons.

Anna Pavan has entered Smith College.

Evelyn Ambrose, Anna Palazzi, Mable Pratt, and Jean Hepburn attend Bridgewater Normal School.

Elinor Horton is studying at Cushing Academy.

Violet Brown is employed at the John Hancock Insurance Company.

Geraldine Hanson is a freshman at Keene Normal School.

#### MARRIAGES

Raymond Berry to Hilda Cedarstrom, '20.

Donald Blake, '18, to Grace Whitney, '21.

William Coveney to Dorothea Sullivan, '19.

Aldo Della Chiesa, '20, to Florence Dalpe, '20.

Henry Ericson, '17, to Marion Bagg.

Stanley Lawrence to Frances Horton, '17.

William Wagner to Dorothy Simpson, June, '24.

G. Russell Westland to Eliza Ross.

MARGARET L. MARR,  
*Alumni Editor.*

#### HAPPINESS

Happiness, what means that word to me?  
Some strange idea of what is yet to be?  
Or is it with me ever, all the day,  
Where'er I am, at work, at rest, or play?

Happiness, a word that means contentment,  
Forgiving wrongs, and bearing no resentment,  
To live, and love, in mind and spirit free—  
All this and more is happiness to me.

W. M., '25.

# School News

## ASSEMBLIES

On Monday, September 8, 1924, over 1,400 students met in the auditorium of the new Quincy High School. Plans of the building were distributed to the students. Mr. Collins appealed to the students to take special care of the building.

A football assembly was held on Tuesday, September 16. The following students spoke: Robert Blake, manager; Winthrop Cook, captain; Ernest Vallee, June, '24. Mr. Mitchell urged the school to live up to its fine reputation of sportsmanship. Mr. Ganley, the new financial manager, explained the need of financial support. Edson Fuller, June, '24, led a few cheers.

## CLASS MEETING

The class of February, '25, held its first meeting of the year on October 8. The following committees were formed:

*Dance Committee*—Clara Saylor.

*Senior Dramatics Committee*—Miriam Westland, Clarence Nickerson.

## MUSIC

The Glee Clubs have been organized anew. Each club, of which the school is justly proud, has thirty-four voices. The school also has two orchestras.

## THALIA CLUB

The Thalia Club resumed its activities September 30. The following committees were formed:

*Entertainment Committee*—Agnes Fornell, Chairman; Barbara Walker, Ruth O'Malley, Edna Shea, Mildred Arsenault.

*Refreshment Committee*—Vera Persion, Chairman; Impi Koski, Clara Saylor, Helmi Flinck, Mary Devine.

It was decided to have the initiation of new members late in October, and the election of new officers in November. The new members from the class of February, '26, are: Helen Bates, Geraldine Curran, Gladys McKay, Marion McMillan, Hazel Olsen, Rachel Pyyny, Virginia Read, and Doris Ricker.

## DEBATING SOCIETY

The Debating Society held its first formal meeting on Thursday, October 2. The new officers are:

|                |                 |
|----------------|-----------------|
| President      | Gunnar Gelotte  |
| Vice-President | Francis O'Brien |
| Secretary      | Alex. Souden    |
| Treasurer      | John Fuller     |

At this meeting prospective members were discussed, and a proposition for debate at the next meeting was decided upon.

# Exchanges

To date, the following papers and magazines have been received, but we hope that our number of exchanges will have increased before our next issue, and that those already heard from will call again.

"Wampatuck," Braintree, Mass.—Your paper is very interesting. You have some fine poems, but why not have a few stories?

"Red and Black," Salt Lake City, Utah.—Your paper contains much school news. Where is your exchange column? Stories

always make the paper more attractive.

"Durfree Hilltop," Fall River, Mass.—Yours is a fine school paper. You have some excellent cuts.

"Register," Latin School, Boston, Mass.—Your paper is one of our best exchanges.

"Register," Rindge Tech, Cambridge, Mass.—The school news is good. Your paper is well written. Come again.

CORINNE HOLTEEN,  
Exchange Editor.



### FOOTBALL

At Coach Mitchell's call for football candidates, over one hundred boys reported. This is the largest squad that has ever turned out for football in the history of Quincy High School. Among these candidates were Captain Cook, McGaw, Kretschman, Ryder and Lindholm, letter men from last year, and also many new promising men. With such fine material to pick from, Quincy's prospects for a successful season are bright, although many strong teams will be encountered. The schedule is as follows:

#### AT HOME

Sept. 27—Rindge.  
 Oct. 18—Natick  
 Oct. 25—Boston Latin.  
 Oct. 30—Braintree vs. 2nd.  
 Nov. 1—Methuen.  
 Nov. 8—Dean 2nd.  
 Nov. 15—Stoughton..

#### AWAY FROM HOME

Sept. 20—Newton.  
 Oct. 4—Melrose.  
 Oct. 13—Framingham  
 Nov. 22—Brockton.

NEWTON, 6; QUINCY, 0.

Quincy met its first defeat at the hands of Newton in a hard-fought game at the latter's field. The only touchdown of the game came in the third period after a long forward pass had put the Newton team in an easy scoring position. For

the remainder of the game Quincy tried hard to score, but it was to no avail, as the Newton defence was impregnable. Gilligan shone for Newton, while Cook and McGaw were the luminaries for Quincy.

RINDGE, 32; QUINCY, 0.

Quincy was defeated by Rindge in the first home game by the large score of 32-0. Quincy was outclassed in all departments of the game by the exceptionally strong Rindge team, which is predicted to win the Suburban League championship of Boston. Quincy fought hard to stop the continuous onrush of their opponents, but it was impossible. Smith and McCoy were the outstanding stars for Rindge, while Maclean and Lindholm played best for Quincy.

QUINCY, 6; MELROSE, 6.

Quincy travelled to Melrose and held the strong team of that city to a tie. Melrose started off like a house afire and had scored a touchdown before Quincy had gotten their bearings. However, Quincy came back strong and scored a touchdown in the second period, after having carried the ball almost the length of the field to the other end, but neither team could produce the necessary punch to score, and the game ended in a deadlock. Kretschman and Cook played brilliantly for Quincy, while Shaw and Shyne did likewise for Melrose.

FRAMINGHAM, 7; QUINCY, 6.

Quincy lost a heart-breaking game to Framingham before a large crowd at the latter's grounds. Quincy, although playing the best brand of football, was forced to take the bitter pill of defeat. Quincy scored early in the first period on a forward pass from Philbrick to Parrish. The try for the extra point failed, which later proved fatal to Quincy. The Quincy team, with a strong offence, kept the ball in their opponents' territory until late in the final period. Then, after Framingham had recovered a fumble on Quincy's forty yard line, Doige scored for the home team on two beautiful runs. He also kicked the goal after the touchdown, which proved to be the winning point. In a last desperate effort to score, Quincy resorted to forward passes. Nichols, end for Quincy, snatched one of them and ran fifty yards for a touchdown, but it was disqualified by the referee, who claimed that the ball was touched by another Quincy player before Nichols caught the ball.

QUINCY, 9; NATICK, 7.

Quincy finally entered the "win" column when they beat Natick by the close score of 9-7 at Merrymount Oval. Natick scored in the first period on a series of long runs which Quincy couldn't seem to stop. Quincy came to life in the second period, and later Kretschman took the ball over for a touchdown. The try for the extra point failed, and Natick was leading 7-6 at the end of the half. In the third period, Quincy remained on the offensive, but were stopped whenever they came within striking distance. In the final period, Quincy brought the ball to Natick's twenty-yard line, and after being stopped on two rushes, Parrish dropped back to the thirty-yard line and booted a pretty drop-kick between the uprights, putting Quincy in the lead, 9-7. When Natick got possession of the ball, they opened a baffling overhead attack which brought them to Quincy's thirty-yard line, but there one of the passes was intercepted by a Quincy man, and the game ended.

## TONY'S LETTA

DERE JOE:

By gosh, Joe, how you ain't been?  
 I hope you all rite, frum your feet to your chin.  
 I like a dis countri prety nice,  
 We own a sum land, a bigga da slice.  
 I live in a town she's calla de Quince,  
 I tella da world she's pass in a pinch.  
 I go to a school, she's call Quincy High,  
 And study and study, and den bimeby—  
 I get out a school and getta me a job,  
 'Cause I makea big da brains in my knob.  
 I tella you, Joe, I likea dis place,  
 But da study, she's makea me go almost crase.  
 Well, Joe, you orta seea da game  
 Dat de kids in dis school playa da same—  
 Likea fite, a box, and dat ain't all,  
 A scramble, a push, and she's calla football.  
 A bunch a big fellers dey getta togedder

And run wid a ting made uv rubber and ledder.  
 Dey wear a stiff hat upoan a da head,  
 And playa so hard dey get almost ded.  
 One leetla guy he yella da singal,  
 And dey rush, and boy, you're blood she tingal.  
 Dey pusha da face and bite at da grown,  
 An' tumble an'd fall an' jump up an' down.  
 It's a peach of a game, and you bet,  
 I jump up an' down an' cheer an' swet.  
 And by gosh! Joe, you betta nex' year  
 I'm gonna play an' havva dem cheer  
 When I kicka da ball and makea da gool,  
 And playa my best for da good of da school.  
 I hopea to hear from you soon, Joe,  
 If you no getta dis letter, rite an' let me know.

As ever,

TONY.

CLARENCE NICKERSON, F. '25.

## ON A GRAVE SUBJECT

When I'm in room three hundred seven,  
 My thoughts arise to those in heaven,  
 For the language spoken there is dead;  
 On the deeds of martyrs we are fed.  
 My brains, alas! grow chilled with fear,  
 That soon in Latin they will hear,  
 "The offence is grave, stay after school.  
 Now bury your nonsense and learn that rule."  
 And if my dying spirit should moan,  
 While my eyes obey its deathlike groan,  
 I glance out the window with one last prayer,  
 To view the life of the city square,  
 Where what do I see? My eyes then fall  
 On the graveyard next to the city hall.

In two thirteen I often stand  
 With a piece of chalk in either hand,  
 Vainly trying to do my Math;  
 My eyes roam round, and then with wrath  
 I see Mount Wollaston, peaceful and calm,  
 Its very deadness an alluring charm.  
 I wish all Math were buried there,  
 And covered up with the utmost care!

That graveyard next to the rippling sea  
 Is always a source of interest to me;  
 Sometimes from room one seventeen  
 I regard it with eyes so very keen,  
 That I fail to hear what's going on,  
 While my spirit soars to oblivion.

It seems to me these burying grounds  
 Were placed each side of the school for mounds,  
 To cover the thoughts that within us are dead.  
 Or be a resting place for each empty head  
 Whose eyes do chance to wander there  
 While uttering a last and lengthy prayer.

Even after all I've said,  
 I will not call the thoughtless dead,  
 For aren't the pupils of Quincy High  
 Amongst the few too good to die?

By  
 A Grave Thinker of F. '25.  
 A Class That's Very Much Alive.

## MY FREEDOM

Give me the strength of an Indian old,  
 The mighty strength of a warrior bold,  
 A heart-whole army, a ship to command,  
 The right of freedom in every land.  
 Give me the breath of the deep blue seas.  
 The sturdy blow of the stiff salt breeze.  
 And give me a horse, high spirited, sound.—  
 Give me the rocky and open ground.  
 A trail o'er the Earth's broad, rugged breast.  
 A trail to the mountains and eagle's nest.  
 Give me the freedom to ride and sail,  
 Just these few freedoms o'er life's short trail.  
 Free as the mountain's heights I'd be—  
 Wild as the wind of the tossing sea!

LOUISE B. HARLOW.

February, '26.

## A FRIEND

I have a friend, quite dear to me,  
 In more ways than one,  
 She takes me everywhere I go,  
 And surely we have fun!

She often stands before my door  
 And waits for me with joy;  
 She wears a hood of darkest hue,  
 She'd attract 'most any boy.

She frolics here, she frolics there  
 With earnestness and glee:  
 All her efforts go to show  
 That she's in love with me.

She takes me to the dances,  
 And, O Boy! can't she step!  
 There's not another one around  
 That possesses half her pep.

If you could see my little friend,  
 On whom my love is stored,  
 You'd be surprised to find that she  
 Is a rattling good old Ford!

CLARA SAYLOR, F. '25.

## AN ISLE

A bit of green amidst the rolling sea,  
 What an isle of beauty it is to me!  
 With its tangy, cooling breeze and kneaded land—  
 The matchless blue of sky and soothing sand,  
 A haven from the city's feverish ways,  
 Where nature feels the primal urge, and plays.  
 Men come and catch the spirit of the isle,  
 And in their feeble way they would beguile  
 The hours with happiness or playtime rare.  
 And life would lose its drabness and its care.  
 But bonds are loosed and sordidness creeps in  
 And sprinkles nature's handiwork with sin.  
 Why can't men see the gift of nature pure,  
 And feel within themselves the urgent lure  
 To banish carnal folly, worldly strife,  
 And through earth's beauty find the truer life?

W. M., '25.

## ODDS AND ENDS

We're willing to bet that Mr. Upham  
 spent the summer preparing home-work  
 assignments for the winter.

All the members of the fourth period  
 English class agree that Miss Dawes is no  
 Galli Curci.

Local theater managers report that  
 matinees are a thing of the past. P. M.  
 Sessions!!!?

Bill Tarbox holds the international  
 sprint records for swimming in molasses.



*Miss Flagg:* "Oxygen goes to the dead tissues of the body. To what part of the body does the most oxygen go, Cushing?"

*Cushing:* "To the head."

Miss Cummings was discussing Russia when she was interrupted by a notice. After she had read the notice, she said: "Now, let's go back to Russia."

*Hayes:* "I don't want to go back to Russia."

*Miss Cummings:* "That's strange. All the reds want to go back."

"Cag" Nickerson to Edson Fuller:

*Cag:* "What have you been doing all summer?"

*Fuller:* "I had a position in my father's office. And you?"

*Cag:* "I wasn't working either."

*Mr. McColley:* "Now is there anyone who would like to ask me a question about chemicals?"

*Fred Dickey:* "What removes freckles?"

"Mitch" was making display cards for the Rindge game when someone called his attention to the fact that Rindge was spelled wrong. "That's all right," said Mitch. "We'll send this card to Squantum."

*Miss Dawes (to tardy pupil):* "Where have you been all this time?"

*Richard La Brecque:* "I got dislocated."

EXAMINATIONS WE ALL MIGHT PASS

When was the war of 1812?

Who wrote Macaulay's History of England?

What countries took part in the Spanish-American War?

In what season of the year did Washington spend the winter at Valley Forge?

Give a short description of the Swiss Navy.

In round numbers, what was the duration of the Hundred Years' War?

*Mr. Collins (to pupils in the balcony):* "For all those standing in the balcony there are plenty of seats on the floor."

*Miss Gallaher:* "Will you read this passage, Monsieur Service?"

(Whole class begins to read.)

*Miss Gallaher:* "But I want Service."

*Class:* "Well, you're getting it."

*Mr. Upham:* "When was natural gas first used?"

*Smart Pupil:* "At the convention when Bryan was nominated."

*Miss Freeman:* "How did the United States establish connections with the Philippine Islands after the Spanish-American War?"

*Pupil:* "They built a bridge."

Mr. Dean came into study room 208 humming to himself.

*Miss Kelsey (to pupils):* "Don't let a little thing like that bother you."

*She*: "Wake up; brush the cobwebs off your brain."

*He*: "Yes, that would make my vacuum cleaner."

#### THOSE TELL-TALE TESTS

It is the duty of the Board of Health to put up disease signs that are contagious.

The "high-water mark of the rebellion" was the point Pickett reached in his charge up the hill.

The President appoints and disappoints Ambassadors.

Dred Scott was a negro whose master took him to Illinois. When he returned he sued his master's widow for divorce on the ground that he was a full man.

*She*: "What cute little caps the Freshmen wear. But how do they keep them on?"

*He*: "Vacuum pressure, my dear."

#### WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF—

Jim Hayes stopped fooling.

Henry Jones wore the same suit twice in succession.

"Art" Dean came to school wearing knickers.

Frank Hebert lost about twenty pounds.

Everyone was satisfied with one's marks.

The outside reading lists were made up of "thrillers."

The girls used their own stairway leaving the building.

The Physics apparatus worked.

Miss Armstrong stopped smiling.

Mr. Ball took a vacation.

The City of Quincy was not in debt.

"Mitch" kept everyone that went out for the squad.

Mr. Upham forgot to assign homework?

#### PARADING HIS VIRTUES

*Sjostrom*: "I don't believe in parading my virtues."

*Foley*: "You couldn't. It takes quite a number to make a parade."

"Expand into a paragraph this sentence, 'The man was utterly crushed and disconsolate'," said the teacher.

The pupil wrote: "It was raining hard. The road was slippery. Two machines crashed. A man was thrown under the wheel, and was utterly crushed and disconsolate."

Miss Merrill says her hopes rose the other day to see her class of Senior history girls eagerly studying the map of the United States at the front of the room. She says they fell, however, when she entered and was greeted by: "Oh, Miss Merrill, we can't find Hollywood."

*Miss Armstrong (explaining distance problem in Math. Review)*: "If we were walking toward each other at a certain rate of speed, where would we meet?"

*Gleason*: "We'd never meet. You would tell me to sit down before we ever met."

#### TRULY WONDERFUL

*Junior*: "When I read about electricity and the wonderful things connected with it, it makes me think."

*Senior*: "Wonderful thing, this electricity."

#### PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT

*Doctor*: "You cough easier this morning."

*Jack Bird*: "I ought to; I've been practising all night."

IF—

*(An Improvement on Kipling)*

If you can teach your class when all  
about you  
Are doing everything they shouldn't do,  
If you can work them all you think you  
ought to—  
Yet make allowance for the dumb-bells,  
too—  
If you can do away with every pony,  
If you can flunk and not make that your  
aim,  
If you can make it pleasant in the mean-  
time,  
Although you loathe routine so dull and  
tame;  
If you adhere to all the rules of grammar,  
Make no mistakes in them as others do;  
And sympathize—and grin when it is  
over—  
You are SOME teacher—we'll say that  
for you. —Ex.

With Fay and Russell as leaders, the  
class of February, '25, ought to be well  
represented in the financial world.

*Fay (translating French):* "The  
branches lay on the road."

*Miss Howe:* "What kind of branches,  
Fay?"

*Fay:* "Wooden ones."

*First Pupil:* "Did you do your English  
for today?"

*Second Pupil:* "Betcha. English ain't  
hard."

*Dor:* "Brother, if yo' doant dew as Ah  
tells yo', Ah am agoin' to spread yo' nose  
all ovah yo' face, bend yo' jaw outa  
shape, push yo' tonsils farther down, et  
cetera."

*Key:* "Yo' don't mean et cetera; yo'  
mean vice versa."

—Ex.

"2-B or not 2-B, that is the question,"  
said the shoe clerk as he fitted a shoe on  
her foot.

*Charlie:* "Shay, feller, who is gettin'  
married?"

*Frenchy:* "Je ne comprend pas!"

*Charlie:* "He's a good-looking feller."

*Charlie (two hours later on another  
street):* "Shay, who died?"

*Another Frenchy:* "Je ne comprend  
pas!"

*Charlie:* "Ye're a liar! I was just at  
his weddin!" —Ex.

## CORRECT THESE SENTENCES

"No, indeed," said Mr. Upham, "not  
one pupil in my class is flunking. In fact,  
I have thirteen who are doing 'E' work."

"Since this is only the third time I have  
caught you talking in the corridor," whis-  
pered Miss Thompson, "I won't make  
you stay after school."

"You needn't bring an excuse for being  
absent yesterday," said Mr. Wilson.

"Since no one has done the home-work  
for today," announced Miss Dawes, "we  
will adjourn to the Alhambra Theatre."

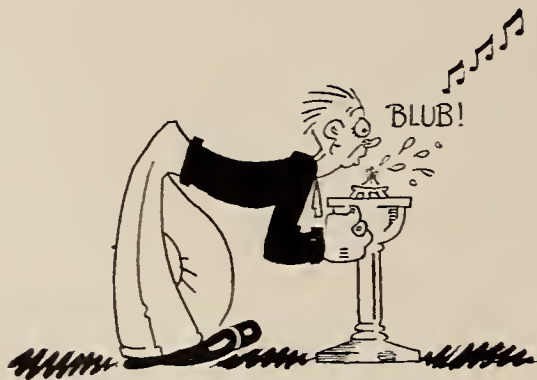
"Of course," said Mr. Collins, "if none  
of you boys think that your teachers have  
a right to make you stay for the afternoon  
session, use your own judgment."

The whole school is out of breath  
"Keeping Up with the Joneses."

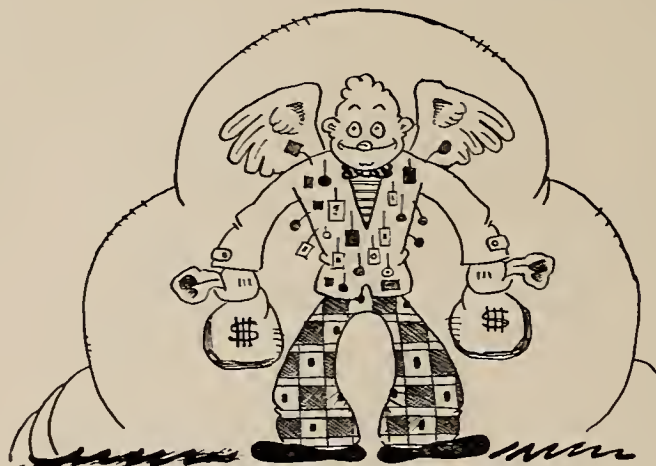
*Tarbox:* "Theodore Roosevelt went to  
the African jungle to hunt for the Smith-  
sonian Institute."

*Teacher:* "In Roman times it was the  
custom to have torture at the marriages.  
Do we have it now?"

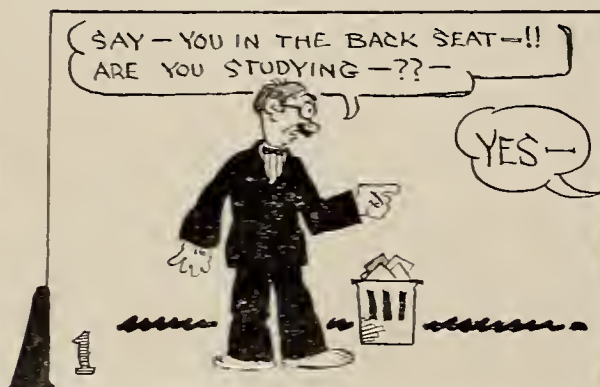
*Pupil:* "No, sir; now we have it after  
the marriage."



IS'N'T IT FUN DRINKING OUT  
OF THOSE TRICK FOUNTAINS  
??

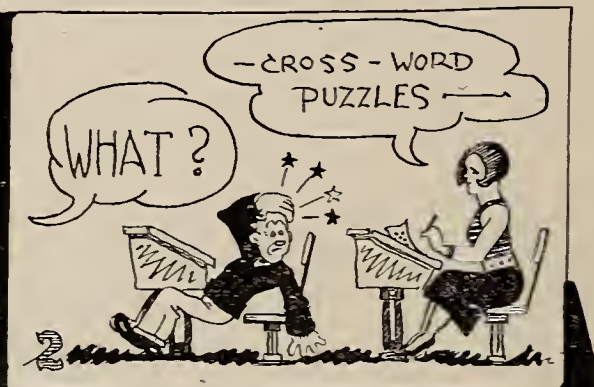


THE DREAM OF A GIRL WHO  
HAS BEEN SELLING TICKETS



(SAY - YOU IN THE BACK SEAT -!!  
ARE YOU STUDYING -?? -

YES -



WHAT?

-CROSS-WORD  
PUZZLES-



DID YOU GO  
OUT FOR  
FOOT-BALL-?

-OH DEAH ME NO -  
YOU SEE I'M IN  
TRAINING FOR THE  
DEBATING  
TEAM-

—ATHLETICS—  
(?)



FAMOUS MEN-M. LEBUNK SAYS,  
'WORK HARD IN SCHOOL-ETC-ETC.  
I GOT MY START JUGGLING  
CHALK AT THE BLACKBOARD IN MY  
MATH ROOM——'



# How Deep is A Washtub?



Phone  
Number  
Granite  
5000

JUST ask mother this question—  
and then when she can't answer  
tell her this

It is deep enough to cover many  
valuable hours. Deep enough to  
take up much of her strength and  
energy. Deep enough to spoil one  
day out of seven. Then also tell  
her to get rid of it and send the  
washing to the reliable **Old Colony  
Laundry.**

Besides having this work carefully  
done she will have many more  
balmy hours that will be yours also.  
Don't let her lose them over a wash-  
tub.

*Forest I. Neal*

*"Selected by the Better Business  
Group of Babson Park".*

Boston Rate

Meter Cars

The Thinking Fellow  
Calls The Yellow

**Quincy Yellow Cab Co.**

GRANITE 0049

Opposite Station

*Compliments of*

**Sarkin's Ladies Specialty Shop**

1463 Hancock Street

Quincy

**SIGHT-SAFETY**

**WILLIAM D. MICHAEL, O. D.**

**OPTOMETRIST -:- OPTICIAN**

EYES EXAMINED

OCULIST PRESCRIPTIONS FILLED

1473 Hancock Street

Quincy, Mass.

Telephones { Business 2331-W  
Residence 1345-M

# QUINCY SAVINGS BANK

ESTABLISHED 1845  
1374 HANCOCK STREET

---

Deposits \$9,614,554.00  
Surplus \$1,059,047.40

---

Banking Hours: 8.30 A. M. to 3 P. M.  
Saturdays  
8.30 A. M. to 12 M. and 7 to 9 P. M.

---

*Deposits Placed on Interest  
The First of Each Month.*

---

## C. M. PRICE

Wholesale  
and Retail

---

Ice Cream Manufacturers

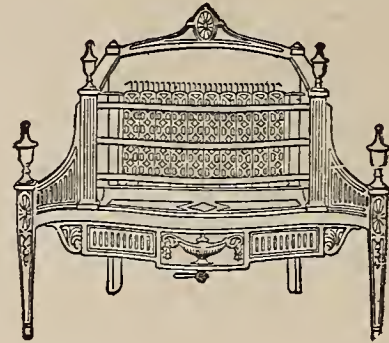
---

WASHINGTON SQUARE  
WEYMOUTH

For A Comfortable Study Room

INSTALL A

## *Radiant Fire*



For the Fireplace or the Room  
without a Fireplace.

---

**CITIZENS GAS LIGHT CO.**

7 Granite Street

Quincy

---

## HALT!

WHO GOES?

Foy's Quality Foods  
Pass

---

**FOY'S QUALITY MARKETS**

FRANKLIN STREET - ADAMS MARKET

*The Best in Town*

---

— A TREAT TO EAT —



## QUALITY SHOES

WITH STYLE

For Young Men and Women

THE ONLY STORE IN QUINCY SELLING

**GOLD SEAL RUBBERS**

*The Best in the World*

**MOORHEAD'S SHOE STORE**

1547 HANCOCK STREET

GRANITE CITY PRINT

Printers

14 MAPLE STREET QUINCY

Tel. Granite 5712-M

### QUINCY VIOLIN SCHOOL

FRANCES GREY CUNNINGHAM  
Director

Room 30, Adams Building  
Quincy Square

*Home Studio:*  
156 NEWBURY AVENUE  
ATLANTIC, MASS.

### Atlantic Battery & Accessory Co.

121 E. Squantum St., Atlantic

Phone Granite 0835-M



Service Station

**Auto**  
ELECTRICIANS

**Radio**  
RADIOTRICIANS

Accessories

WILLIAM PATTERSON

*F L O R I S T*

STORE

1434 HANCOCK ST.

QUINCY

GREENHOUSE

92 SO. CENTRAL AVE.

WOLLASTON

Telephones:

392-W

392-R

STATIONERY

GREETING CARDS

SCHOOL SUPPLIES

ARTISTS' MATERIALS

KODAKS and FILMS

DEVELOPING and PRINTING

FOUNTAIN PENS, ETC.

— AT —

LAWRENCE STATIONERY STORE

1564 HANCOCK STREET

QUINCY, MASS.

EDMONSTON

*For Sport Soles*

MAPLE STREET

QUINCY

*Compliments of*

J. SZATHMARY

1447 Hancock Street

Quincy

Mass.

QUINCY

BRIDGEWATER

LUCE & COMPANY

DRY GOODS and FURNISHINGS

*BEST MERCHANDISE*

*AT REASONABLE PRICES*

*"Now Then"*

*We sell and deliver:*

Sheep Manure

Fertilizer

Paints and Oils

ANDROS HARDWARE CO.

COR. BEALE AND HANCOCK STS.

WOLLASTON, MASS.

Tel. Granite 3306-M

WHEN U NEED  
BUILDING MATERIAL      PLUMBING SUPPLIES  
HEATING EQUIPMENTS  
Telephone Granite 2293  
**L. GROSSMAN & SONS**  
37 Federal Ave., Quincy

---

*FOR QUALITY COAL*  
And Sudden Service — Phone Granite 2843  
**GROSSMAN COAL CO., Inc.**  
130 Granite Street  
*Where your neighbor gets his coal*

---

*Compliments of*  
**GORDON MURRAY PHARMACY**  
*1537 Hancock Street*

---

THE HOME OF  
SERVICE  
**Ronald's Market**  
Groceries, Meats  
Fish, Vegetables  
673 HANCOCK STREET  
Wollaston, Mass.

Telephone Granite 1966

**JOHN V. McCLURE**

*Light Groceries*  
*Ice Cream, Confectionery*  
*and Tobacco*

203 Squantum Street  
ATLANTIC

Telephone Granite 1592-M



## Basket Ball Equipment

**BALLS**

**\$5.00 to \$15.00**

**SHOES**

**\$3.00 to \$5.00**

**UNIFORMS — JERSEY PANTS — STOCKINGS**

*We are especially prepared to handle  
Team Equipment*

**WESTLAND'S**  
**Sporting Goods**

1555 HANCOCK STREET

Tel. Granite 1134

## *The Grill in the Elk's Building*

**JUST OFF THE SQUARE**

**For Ladies and Gentlemen**

**-:- SPECIAL SUNDAY DINNER -:-**

**MAURICE F. COHEN, Prop.**

**1220 Hancock Street**

**Quincy, Mass.**

*" We Cater to the Most Discriminating Taste "*

**WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF**

**VIOLINS**

**MANDOLINS**

**TENOR-BANJOS**

**UKULELES**

**BANJO-UKULELES**

**HARMONICAS**

**CORNETS**

**EVERYTHING IN MUSIC**

**THE BEAL & McCARTHY MUSIC CO.**

1603 Hancock Street, Quincy

also

Brockton and Rockland

Tel. Con.

First Class Repairing

WILLIAM E. FRITZ

JEWELER

WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY  
CUT GLASS AND SILVERWARE

Munroe Building

1543 Hancock St. Quincy, Mass.



WRIGHT & DITSON

Athletic Goods

Basket Ball, Hockey, Skates, Sweaters,  
Jerseys, Gymnasium Supplies,  
Etc., Etc.

Clothing and Shoes for All Sports

SKATES SHARPENED

*(Send for General Catalogue)*

344 Washington Street  
BOSTON : : MASS.

---

J. F. ROGERS AUTO CO.

---

NASH

---

QUINCY :: MASSACHUSETTS

---

THE  
**National Mount Wollaston Bank**

ESTABLISHED 1853

**CHECK ACCOUNTS**

Interest paid on balances \$500. or over.

**CERTIFICATES OF DEPOSIT**

Interest paid from date of deposit to date withdrawn.

**SAVINGS DEPARTMENT**

Interest begins first day of each month.

---

Open Saturday Evening 7 to 9

---

**The Building of a Savings Account  
is based on Thrift**

---

Thrift means good management; vigorous growth. "Thrift is the best means of thriving."

Thrift means spending less than you earn; saving systematically. It does not mean that you should stop spending.

Thrift means securing interest on your savings. Money kept in hiding never earns anything. Put your money to work. You work for money; make it work for you.

Member of Federal Reserve Bank